

COLUMBIA AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE.
Editor, Publisher & Proprietor.

"To hold and trim the torch of Truth and Wave it o'er the darkened Earth."

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VOL. XXI

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

--Bloomsburg--

Saturday Morning, Aug. 15, 1857

Columbia County Convention.

We publish below, the "Rules and Regulations," adopted by a full Democratic County Convention, September 6, 1851, for the future government of the "Delegate Elections and County Conventions." They are effective and of binding force. By the first Rule, it will be seen, that the Delegate Elections will be held on SATURDAY, the 29th of August, and the COUNTY CONVENTION, on Monday, the 31st of the same month 1857.

Democratic Rules.

Rule I. The annual County Convention shall be held at the Court House in Bloomsburg, on the last Monday of August, at one P. M., and the Delegate Election shall be held on the Saturday previous, at the places of holding the general elections in the several election districts, between the hours of 3 and 7 o'clock in the afternoon.

II. The Delegate Elections shall be by ballot and each general election district shall be entitled to two delegates.

III. The Delegate Elections shall be held and conducted by a Judge and clerk, to be selected by the Democrats in attendance, and the said officers shall keep a list of voters and tally of votes counted, to be sent by them to the convention with their certificate of the result of the election.

IV. All cases of disputed seats in conventions shall be disposed of openly by vote after hearing the respective claimants and their evidence.

V. All delegates must reside in the districts they represent. In case of an absent delegate he may be replaced, if he fails to do so, his colleague in attendance may substitute for him. In other cases the convention may fill up the representation from citizens of the District in attendance.

VI. The voting in Conventions shall be open, and any two members may require the yeas and nays on any question pending.

VII. Special conventions may be called when necessary, by the Standing committee, the proceedings of which shall conform to these rules.

VIII. All county nominations, and all appointments of conferences and of delegates to State conventions, shall be made in county convention.

IX. The Standing committee shall be five in number, one of whom shall reside at the county seat, and shall be chosen equally in convention. In case of vacancy the committee may fill up their number.

X. No member of Legislature shall be chosen by this county as a Delegate to a State convention during his term of office.

XI. In Convention a majority of all the votes given shall be necessary to a nomination, and no person named shall be peremptorily stricken from the list of candidates until after the sixth vote, when the lowest name shall be struck off and so on at each successive vote until a nomination is effected.

XII. None of these rules shall be altered, or rescinded unless by a vote of two-thirds at a regular annual Convention.

C. R. BUCKALEW,
JOHN KEIFFER,
EMANUEL LAZARUS,
JOHN A. FUNSTON,
STH. H. SCHWANK,
August 8, 1857.

Hon. A. V. Brown.

The Helena (Arkansas) Shield, an opposition paper, pays the following just compliment to this distinguished son of Tennessee:

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."—Candor and a sense of justice compel us to say that there is no denying the fact stated by the Memphis Appeal that ex-Governor Brown has done more for the mail service in the Southwest than any Postmaster General has for many years. His selection for that important and responsible post we regard as a most fortunate one for the Southwest."

The Hon. JOHN C. DONNIS, Esq., Secretary of the Navy, who died at Fayetteville, N. C., on Monday, was born in 1814, and was in the 44th year of his age. He graduated at the University of North Carolina in 1832; read law in the office of the late Judge Strange; was eminently successful at the bar; was elected to Congress in 1845, and declined a re-election; was elected to the Legislature from his county in 1848 and 1850; was Speaker of the House of Commons at the latter session, and finally entered the Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy, in 1853, serving through the entire administration of President Pierce.

Dr. HENRY L. ACKER, the present editor of the Norristown Register, has purchased the Pottsville Gazette establishment, and will take charge of the same in the course of a few weeks.

Select Poetry.

VARITIES.

New potatoes sell at Cleveland for 29 cents per bushel, at Cincinnati for 25, at New York for 60, at Boston for 82.

Recent copious and refreshing rains in all parts of Texas have put the planters in high spirits, and raised hopes of excellent crops of corn and cotton.

We see by the schedule of appointments by the Chairman of the "American State Central Committee," that ISAAC HAZELHURST, Esq., the American Candidate for Governor, is to be in Danville on Friday evening, September 18th, to address his friends.

A night watch has been employed to guard the cell of David S. McKim, the murderer, and such other precautions taken as will render his escape impossible in the brief time that will intervene between this and the 21st of August, when the gallows will claim him, as its victim.

A man named Pennoek, was tried for passing counterfeit money, in Blair county, who has been in jail since last court. When brought to trial, it was proved that he was not the man, and his father, an aged Quaker from Chester county, testified that he was at home during the entire month of December, at which time the money was passed. A hard case, indeed, but he has no redress.

The Bedford Springs is, at present, all life and gaiety. Every day we have from three to five four horse coaches, loaded with passengers, making their appearance in our midst. The Bedford Gazette, also, under the present arrangement, Bedford Springs is designed to be the watering place of this country. For this enterprise, as well as the Grand Top Rail Road, the people are mainly indebted to L. T. WATSON, Esq.

SURVIVING GOVERNORS.—Pennsylvania has only four surviving Ex-Governors, Ritner, Porter, Johnson and Bigler, while there are nine of New York, viz: Dickinson, Van Buren, Throop, Stewart, Bonck, Hunt, Fish, Seymour and Clark, and Massachusetts has six, viz: Everett, Morton, Briggs, Boutwell, Clifford, and Washburn. The difference in the number is owing to the duration of the term of office in a great measure.

The Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, will hold its Seventh Annual Fair in Philadelphia, on the two last days in September and two first of October. We have received a pamphlet containing the premium list, rules, &c., &c. The annual address will be delivered by Gen. Edwin C. Wilson. The Corresponding Secretary is A. Boyd Hamilton, Esq., Harrisburg, and Robert C. Walker of Elizabeth, Allegheny county, is the Recording Secretary. Letters on business connected with the Society, may be addressed to either of the Secretaries.

LOCOMOTIVES IN THE COUNTRY.—The number of locomotives running in the United States, says the American Engineer, is probably over 9,000. The proportion of engines to length of road will average one to every three miles—for while some of the Western roads have but one to every five or six miles, many others, like the Erie, New York Central, Baltimore and Ohio, etc., have nearly one for every two miles. The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad has about three engines for every two miles.

A Thrilling Story.

THE CARD TABLE.

By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

ELLEN DEARBORN sat alone in her little sitting-room, and her countenance was sad and desponding. She was not over twenty-six, and though her face was pale and wan, yet she was beautiful. A warm fire burned in the grate, for it was winter, and the lamp upon the centre table was lighted, for it was evening. She sat thus, trying to read, when the door was opened and a stranger entered. She started up with fear at this sudden appearance of a man entering her apartment unbidden.

"Ellen, don't you know me?" The woman started at the sound of the voice, and the blood rushed to her brow and temples. She took a step forward and gazed more sharply into the intruder's face.

"James!" she murmured interrogatively.

"Yes, my sister. Didn't you know me?"

But instead of answering in words Ellen rushed forward and sank upon the man's bosom, and there she wept for joy. It was her own brother.

"And didn't you know me?" he said with a smile after he had taken a seat.

"Why, no, James. Five years altered you wonderfully. But then that beard all over your face makes a good deal of difference."

"All the difference in the world. Two years ago while my ship lay at Canton, I had my beard all shaved off, when I came on board, some of my men did not know me at first."

"Then I wish you'd shave it off now, for you look more like a bear than you do like James Barrows."

The brother laughed, and the conversation ran for awhile upon various topics suggested by the return of the loved one. James Barrows was now thirty-two years of age, and had been absent from his native city for five years, during which time he had commanded a fine ship.

"By the way," said the brother, at the end of half an hour, "I stopped in New York on my way here, and saw Kate Waldron there. She told me she heard you say you wished your husband had never known me. Did you ever say such a thing as that?"

Ellen's eyes filled with tears in a moment, and a deep sob broke from her lips. Her brother was startled. He moved to her side and put his arms around her neck.

"What is it, my sister?" he asked anxiously.

"Alas, James, I will tell you. But first let me assure you that I did not mean exactly what I said to Kate. You remember five years ago, when you used to tell me such stories about gambling on the Mississippi. Ambrose asked you to teach him to play poker, as you called it. You taught him the game, and one or two evenings you went with him to some card parties."

"Yes, yes, I remember all that."

"Well, the spirit of gaming is now fastening itself upon him. I can see it plainly, though he tries to laugh away all my fears. I know it is so, for I have been told by one who is my friend, and who told me out of pure friendship for Ambrose. But I have not yet dared to let him know how sure my information is, for he would be angry, did he know that any one had told this to me. O, I know his impetuous nature, and I fear he will be lost ere he is aware of it. Evil companions are leading him astray. He thinks them friends."

"And do you think he has gone to the card table to night?"

"I am afraid so. And if he does—oh, I dare not think of it. He has much money with him. Before you came I was weeping over my fears. I have never let him know how much I knew concerning his course, for I feared it would only make him more excited. Alas, I know not what to do. I do not think he has yet lost much, but I know that he will never leave the fascinating habit until he is ruined, unless something can be done to move him."

"By my soul, Ellen," returned the captain warmly, "I did teach Ambrose to play—though God knows, I never meant to teach him to gamble, and I will cure it now if I can. Do you think he is at it now?"

"I think he would have been at home before this time, if he had not fallen in with some of his evil associates."

"Then you rest here while I go and find him if I can."

"But will you come back soon?" James stopped and thought a moment.

"I don't know," he said. "But don't be worried. No harm shall befall Ambrose or myself."

"It was just nine o'clock as Ambrose Dearborn entered one of the gaming saloons of the city. His business had kept him later than usual, and having made some fifteen dollars in the trade since dark, he had determined to stake that amount upon the altar of fortune. His wife was right in her fears. The card table had gained a fascinating power over him, and he had lost some heavy sums. But on the previous evening he had been cursed with a turn of winning luck, and won back nearly as much as he had lost, and he was on his way to continue his luck!

He meant only to play an hour or so, and then go home. He went up to the

sideboard and took a glass of wine, and as he turned he met a stranger, who had seemed to come for the same purpose.

"Good evening," said the stranger in a pleasant tone, as he poured out a tumbler of water from the pitcher and drank it.

Ambrose returned the salutation.

"I came here to take a few moments' recreation at cards," said the stranger, "but I find no friends here."

"Then suppose we take a hand or two, just to pass away the time until some others come."

"With pleasure."

And accordingly the two sat down and were soon on the most friendly terms. The cards were dealt, for awhile the plying was on a small scale, and the luck was about even. By and by Ambrose began to win, and he went on until he had won a hundred dollars. He would have felt ashamed somewhat had not his antagonist maintained such good humor, he smiled so kindly when he lost.

But anon the luck changed. Ambrose lost all he had won, and soon lost over a hundred dollars beside. He had just a hundred dollars more in his port monnaie, and took it out. A new hand was dealt, he cut his cards carefully, and held up four Jacks. It was the best hand by far that had been out during the game, it being the first four of a kind he had seen during the evening. He bet ten dollars. His antagonist covered and went ten higher.

"I have an excellent hand," said the stranger, with a light laugh. I have held better ones but this is good. I shall bet high on it."

Ambrose did not speak. He was excited. He was afraid his antagonist would mistreat his good hand and was not betting. But the betting went on until Ambrose had his fraction on the table.

"Shall I go higher?" inquired the stranger.

"As you please."

"Then I must say a hundred better." By the trump of trumps you shall have a chance to make a pile this time."

Ambrose hesitated a moment, and then he placed his hand to his bosom and drew out a package of bank notes. There were four thousand dollars in the whole. It was a sum he had drawn from the bank that very day. It was the accumulation of over four years labor and economy, for the purpose of paying for his house and store. He drew out a hundred dollar bill and covered his antagonist's last stake. He hesitated a moment more and drew out another hundred and "went that over."

The stranger covered the hundred and went five hundred better, but he dared not go more, and he called for his companion's hand. The stranger smiled as he showed it—four queens!

Ambrose uttered a deep groan as he folded his cards and placed them in his pocket.

"By my soul, that's hard, my friend." But better luck next time. Come, I'll deal for you this time."

A new hand was dealt, and this time Ambrose won a hundred dollars. He began to revive. Next he won two hundred more. He went and got another glass of wine and returned in better spirits. But at the next hand he lost five hundred dollars. His spirits were up again. But he resolved to play carefully to win back what he had lost and stop.

But there is no need of following the game step by step. The man who held those cards was not a professional gambler, nor did he gamble for his own amusement. But he had been among gamblers much, and he could handle cards as he pleased.

And more still, he could handle a nervous, excitable man as he pleased. He kept Ambrose in good humor, let him have the occasional flashes of luck, and finally, just as the clock struck eleven, Ambrose Dearborn staggered up from the table penniless.

All was gone! His four thousand dollars—the sum that was to have cleared him from debt—the sum which he had soon steadily growing beneath his efforts for the last four years—was now swept away.

The young merchant staggered from the hall, he tried to borrow first—to borrow something to commence again to win back something—but no one would lend. He made his way to the street, and without noticing the way, he staggered on. By and by he came to a narrow alley which led down to the wharf, and sat down upon an old spar. He had been there but a few moments, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder. He looked up, and by moonlight he could see the dark face of the man who had ruined him.

"Why do you sit here in the snow?" asked the stranger.

"Leave me!" cried Ambrose bitterly.

"Oh, I never wish to see you more from this time."

"But, perhaps, I may help you," replied the other. "You are yet young enough to learn."

"Learn! O, great heaven, and have I not learned this very night what never—never!"

The young man burst into tears, and his sobs were deep and painful.

"Come, come," spoke the stranger, "stand up and trust me, and I may help you."

There was something so kind in the voice that Ambrose could not resist, and he rose to his feet.

"Ambrose Dearborn," spoke the strange man. "I have this evening taken from you over forty-two hundred dollars, and I do not think you can afford to lose it."

Here we are before God. Now promise me, upon your honor as a man, that you never will strike any amount at hazard again—that never again will you play at

any game of chance for value of anything and I will restore you every cent of money I have won from you to night."

The young man stood for a moment like a man in a dream. Then he caught his companion by the arm.

"You do not trifle?" he said in a hoarse whisper.

"Give me the promise, and see."

Ambrose clasped his hands and turned his eyes toward heaven, he made an oath embracing just the proposition which had been made him; and when he had done, his eye sank to the snow covered earth, and he burst into tears. The stranger took a roll from his pocket and handed it over.

"Here," said he, "is the full sum—every penny just as I took it from you. And now let us walk into the city again—my way is toward Adam street."

"So is mine," whispered Ambrose as he eluded the money.

"Ah—then we'll walk together."

"But tell me what this means?" the young man uttered energetically. "Who are you, sir?"

"Never mind now; I shall see you again, and then I will explain. But let us be on our way, for it is cold here."

On the way the stranger kept up such a rattle of conversation, that Ambrose not only had no chance to mention the subject of the evening's transactions, but by the time he had reached his own door, his feelings had got back into their wonted channel.

"I would invite you in," he said, "but—"

"Never mind. Just let me step into the entry, for I want a light for a moment."

Of course, Ambrose could not object to this, and as he opened the door, the stranger followed him in. He walked through the hall, and as he opened the door of the sitting room his companion was at his back.

Ellen sat at her table, and her face was pale; but she had not been crying, for the words of her brother had spoken to her before he went out were spoken with a strange hope. She arose to her feet, and while her husband was wishing that his companion had remained in the hall, he was not a little startled to hear the said individual speak somewhat jocularly as follows:

"Well, sissey, you see I have brought him. And we are both of us all right, I can assure you."

For a moment the young man was wonder-struck, but the truth flashed upon his mind "Jim Barrows!" he gasped.

"Captain Barrows, at your service, sir; Ha, ha; you did not know me. He's just found out, Ellen."

Ambrose tried to laugh, but he could not. He struggled a moment with his feelings that swelled up his bosom, and then, sinking down into a chair, he burst into tears. His wife uttered a quick cry, and started forward.

"Don't be afraid," gasped Ambrose. "I'm safe. But I can't help this. Tell her all now, for she's a right to know."

The stout captain drew his sister upon his knee, and then related to her all that had happened since he had left her.

"Ah, ah," he concluded, "the moment I saw you take the second hundred dollars from your port monnaie, I knew gaming would soon ruin you, and when I saw you draw the package, I only knew that I should take them every one from you, and that any experienced card player could have done the same. Now I taught you your first lesson in poker; this is lesson number two. I hope it may work well."

And it did work well. Captain Barrows remained with his sister a month, and then he went away. At the end of a year he came again, and this time he found Ellen as happy as a princess.

A Sister's Love.

No love is like a sister's love.
Unselfish, true, and pure;
A flame that lights from above,
Will guide but never allure.

It knows no taint of jealous fear,
No dash of conscious guilt;
Its wrongs are pardoned through a tear,
Its loves are crowned by a smile.

"The Journal of Health," in an article on sleep, says that all children under five years of age would be made better, healthier and happier by an undisturbed sleep of one or two hours in the forenoon.

And it would keep the house quieter meanwhile.

"My son, how could you marry an Irish girl?"

"Why, father, I am not able to keep two women. If I had married an American girl, I'd been obliged to hire an Irish girl to take care of her."

RIDDLE.

The beginning of every danger,
The end of every road,
The beginning of destruction,
The middle of an ode.

"Money in your purse will credit you—wisdom in your head will adorn you—but both in your necessity will serve you."

Undoubtedly toleration is an excellent thing, but there might be some difficulty in letting the question whether true toleration should be tolerant toward intolerance.

Punch teaches book-keeping in three words—"Never lend them."

Highway Robbery.

One of the most outrageous robberies ever heard of occurred near the village of Utica, in this county, on Thursday night last. A family of emigrants named Hurst, on the way from Michigan to Iowa, stopped over Monday night at Buffalo Rock. During the night one yoke of their oxen was stolen, which of course caused a delay, while Mr. Hurst endeavored to find the lost property. Meantime the family went on with the wagons to Utica for a better camping ground, and there awaited the return of Mr. Hurst. About 2 o'clock on Thursday morning they were attacked by six or eight men and robbed of \$900 in gold and over \$200 in bills. The robbers first cut through the covering of the waggon, upon which Mrs. Hurst screamed for help, but was immediately seized by one of the robbers and choked into silence. The son, a lad of about sixteen years of age, attempted to bring a rifle to bear upon them, but the muzzle being the wrong way, he had no time to turn it, before he was clinched and held fast. The robbers then broke open the trunks and chests and secured the aforesaid amount of money. They even searched the persons of their victims, and took from the son a dollar that he had earned the day before. He fought them with all his might, and so exasperated them that they took his rifle from the wagon, and fired at him, the ball passing within an inch or two of his face.

The father returned next morning after a fruitless search for the oxen, and was met by the son with the sad news of his new misfortune. It is a sad case for a family thus to lose their all, the product of years of industry; and we trust that in case the money is not recovered, the misfortunes of this family will be alleviated somewhat by our citizens. Officers Grow and English started yesterday to see if any track could be got of the robbers—with what success we have not learned. A bottle of chloroform and a sheath to a bowie knife were left by the robbers, thus showing that they are professional villains. We hope that no pains will be spared to get hold of them.—Detroit Tribune.

Daniel Morgan the Rifleman.

The following appears in a letter of a Virginia correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce:

"The name of Daniel Morgan, the celebrated commander of the Virginia Rifleman, is a household word in Virginia. His remains repose at Winchester. Jerseyman by birth, he early emigrated to the Virginia wilds, and was a wagoner in the French war. Tall, muscular, and endowed to all hardships, he was fond of adventure, famed for intense daring and hair breadth escapes. He had been grossly insulted by one British officer, and severely punished by another, in the name of King George. He vowed vengeance, and kept his vow."

At the opening of the Revolution he raised a battalion of riflemen, and drilled them to perfection. They sparred the bayonet, and relied on the deadly aim of the rifle. He used to say the business of his men was to be killed. At the battle of Saratoga, seeing the day was going against the Americans by reason of the extraordinary skill and energy of Gen. Frazer, with his Scotch divisions, he resolved to resort to the only measure conceivable to arrest the tide of battle that threatened to overwhelm them. Summoning to his presence the best marksmen in his command, whose aim was never known to fail, he said to him: "Murphy, do you see that officer on the iron grey horse?" "Yes, sir," was the reply of the old soldier. Morgan rejoined with an almost flattering voice, "Then do your duty."

Murphy ascended a tree, cut away the interlaced branches with his hatchet (this was a part of their varied armor), rested his rifle in a sure place, watched his opportunity, and as soon as Gen. Frazer had, in his animated movement, come within a practical range, Murphy fired, and the gallant Frazer fell mortally wounded, being shot in the center of the body. That fall decided the day. The enemy soon gave away, and Saratoga became immortal. But the rough soldier was a man of tender feelings, and he almost wept at the death, and always said it troubled him because it looked so much like a kind of assassination of a brave and noble officer; tho' gallant as that officer was, he had placed himself there to be shot at, and was engaged in shooting others. It was in a similar way that Nelson fell on the deck of the Victory."

"You are from the country, are you not, sir?" said a dandy clerk, in a book store, to a handsomely dressed, quaker, who had given him some trouble.

"Yes."

"Well here is an excellent essay on the rearing of calves."

"That," said Aminidab, as he turned to leave the store, "tho' had better present to thy mother."

Religion should be the chief care of mortal man.

"Good to Make Men of."

A gentleman once asked a company of little boys, what they were good for? One little fellow promptly answered:

"We are good to make men of."

Think of that, my young friends; you are good to make men and women of. We do not mean—nor did that little boy—that you are mere good to grow up to the size of men and women. No, we mean a good deal more than this. You are to make persons that will be respected and useful—that will help to do good in the world. No one, who is not useful, and who does not seek to make the world better, deserves the name of man or woman.

You should not forget that, if there are to be any men and women—any that deserve such a name—twenty or thirty years hence, they are to be made of you who are now children. What a world this will be, when you grow up, if all only make men or women! Will you not ponder this subject, and "Show yourselves men?"

"Good to make men of." What kind of men will our youthful readers be twenty years hence? Will they be classed with the intelligent, the respectable, the industrious, the prosperous, the benevolent, the pious men of the time? For doubtless there will be such. It may require a little self-denial, and hard study, and hard work; but such a character is cheaply purchased at that price—and such a character we wish all our readers to bear.

HE DREAMS.—How ominous that sentence falls! How we pause in conversation and ejaculate. "It's a pity." How his mother hopes he will not when he grows older; how his sisters persuade themselves that it is only a few wild oats he is sowing! And yet the old men shake their heads and feel gloomy when they think about it. Young man, just commencing life buoyant hope, don't drink. You are freighted with a precious cargo. The hopes of your old parents, of your sisters, of your wives, of your children—all are laid down upon you. In you the aged live again their young days, through you only can the weary one you love, obtain a position in society; and from the level on which you place them, must your children go into the great struggle of life.

How to Get a House out of a Whiskey Barrel.—Put the barrel in a secure place, near a spring of good water, on the road to the grogshop. When you want a dram, take the price of it in your hand and start to go to the grogshop; go as far as the spring, drop the money through the bung hole, take a good drink of water and return home. Repeat this operation till the barrel is full, knock out the head and you have the price of a splendid brick building.

A good old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarns of a store keeper as long as her patience would allow, said to him, "Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary in thy business."

Illness.—A shilling a day is better than nothing. The very act of being at work will procure employment by and by at a fair trade. Men avoid him who is always strolling about the streets; he is judged as unfit for anything and may die for want of employment.

Too Bad—Really.—The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no song; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees yields no fruit; dandies, the shiniest of men, have no sense; and ball room belles, the loveliest creatures in the world, are very often ditto—and a little more so!

The papers are bragging of an invention by which leather can be tanned in ten minutes. We have seen the human hide, however tanned in five minutes—Some school masters can do it in less than two.

Wives remember that a dirty kitchen and bad cooking have driven many a husband from home to seek comfort and happiness somewhere else.

Always do as the sun does, look at the bright side of everything; it is just as cheap and three times as good for digestion.

If no sin were punished here, no providence would be believed; if every